

Here I dined & rested, & was as late as we fairly
could, in accm. to the night. The mounted dinner at
4, gave us our cart horses, that numbered us in a
slow, sure-footed way that was pain & relief to poor,
suffering me - I thought certainly I was finished
morally, & speculated that my poor, worn bones had
best be laid in the little burying ground at Fervinatti;
but after an hour I got more accustomed to it, & when
we reached Stalden, 1³⁴ hours, I thought it best to keep
on & have it over, than stop at the poor looking little inn,
with the prospect of more tomorrow morning. - The valley
was narrow & picturesque; sometimes very narrow, then
sweeping a little & giving a chance for fields, & wherever
was a green patch of corn, however apparently inaccessible,
it was cultivated, then a house, of large cow & ramble. In
many I am sure they cannot live in miles - The road
was mostly good, in a few years they say horse-drawn carriages can
pass, but in some places the gorges are steep & sharp,
& sometimes the narrow paths led high up along steep
precipices, or wound round a hollowed shelf in rolling
stone that made one nervous. I comforted myself
by thinking Ioj's would do it quite as well as a 100, & so
tried to fix it & admire the valley, growing wider, the
rushing streams roaring & tumbling down the sides, & occa-
sionally the rocky boulders & trees & blue rocks - The

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My dear Sue,

Find Geneva, July 10th. 09
Tuesday morning (July 10th) we were up &
breakfasted early for Charles & later on early train to
Dansanne. Look up Elie - Lejje & Katherine set out
the same later to join him, & make an excursion up
the valley of the Rhone & the glacier, & join us later at
Zermatt - Dr. Gray went to work at the Herbarium, &
I moved down stairs & spent my strength from to many
flights. The back room was not so pleasant, & I missed the
fine air, but it was less fatiguing - Mrs. Rodman (Emma
Mottley) came & made me a very pleasant call with
Miss Hart but, who has to leave next day with them on
a visit to Interlachen & so to Paris, on her way home -
Dr. Gray & I were to have gone to take tea with M. Man-
celle, whose daughter is married to Prof. De Candolle's
oldest son, & see the sun set view of Mt. Blanc -
But a wretched haze had settled over everything,
& I was reasoning over the odds chance of seeing the
view & the eastern end of the lake - There was no
shadow of a chance for Mt. Blanc, so we sent word
we should not come - Took instead a carriage & see
Anna Gray a little while, & then a drive round the
old town & along the eastern shore of the lake -
The next morning Elie appeared early, had come

to attend in Geneva until we should get back from
Zermatt - Dr. Gray & I were to lunch with Mr. & Mrs.
De Candolle - I was headachy, & would have been glad
to stay quiet, but it seemed unkind, so I dressed for
the hot ride at mid-day - However we found some
air stirring, & had a very pleasant time - Madame
De C. is the same charming, bright French woman, & Mr. De
Candolle the courteous, simple, pleasant gentleman - They
were as tea, which was very refreshing. He came back,
Dr. Gray & I wrote, & I took over packing lists & compass,
which was something to get all settled squarely for I think.
In the middle of the day came in a very good one - She
dressed as I met us, if she felt well, at Chamonix -
Thursday morning (20th) we took the train at 10 & reached
Geneva at 4 - The lake was so veiled in mist & the water
was colorless, the hills gone, & no colour anywhere! A hot
haze, but made the ride very tedious, especially as
the valley of the Rhone is flat & uninteresting, especially
after seeing Martigny - there is some rich cultivation
towards Geneva, & we passed in fine view of the Rose
cave near Martigny - occasionally one sees a castle or
a ruin, once in a while a summer residence, but the
mountains at the side are not ^{generally} bare, & not, like the Alps,
& not so accessible & snow streaked behind - The next morning
last change of cars, a 7th & 8th. I had dinner at the hotel &
then little hotel at 10 - And as they were in the same

mode as ourselves, we went to the same hotel, & to the
next day a carman together, still, farther up the
valley & trip - like the 1st. & 2nd. at Geneva, & then comes
one of three grand wide roads, which we share
all our road-making, or more, which continues
up the valley to Lausanne, there branches to Lausanne & Lausanne
more over the hills, & also continues up ^{by the Rhone valley} quite
over the Geneva River at high, & the St. Bernard, another
high way into Italy from the Lake of Geneva, & still
places running all the time - But it was hot & tiresome;
in cross an old moraine of the Rhone glacier,
that looks as if it had only been left 20 years instead of
thousands, so bare, & a few straggling, thin trees, & the Rhone
is such an uncomfortable looking river, thin sides were
where that it is all ready to overflow & devastate, if it
came, & its tributaries branching in, & bringing as much
solid as water! & concluded there does not seem an acre
of cultivable land in sight, & then it spreads up the
hill's each side, grain fields & pasture - woods - some vine
yards, & on most people walking along the narrow hillings,
& finding a bit of land on their sides, they must say in their
cases, the women bear pretty much all the business -
At Trip comes in the river of the same name, up
where men live Zermatt & the Rhone River section -
It is called Brigach, Rige, Trip, that is the river, &
it is beside him his name, names, not seen -

Describe me, & there was one conversation close to my eyes,
the lovely flowers! - There had been a great many, & some
new & beautiful in the ground, & our driver in his frequent
halts, always got me some, so I had a large bunch at
Jernatt, but it was curious to see how they changed en-
tirely as we ascended - The woods were full of yellow
saxifrage, & then, as we got above trees & only grass & turf, it
was carpeted with gentians & violets, large, light ones,
white butter-cups, a delicate white mad, little bellows
pinks, & such beauty & variety - The last ascent was
jeopardy along the hill side, & steep that one quite
overhung & was concealed from the other! I was glad
to see the hotel sometime before we got there, & very glad
to get there! ^{2 1/2 hour ascent} And again, when you think where the house
is, it is wonderful the comfort. Good rooms & beds &
excellent table d'hôte, at least as fine choice, tea, coffee &
chocolate, bread & butter & honey, a saloon nicely fur-
nished, lamps & candles & books - One could pass a long
time with pleasure, & once there the racing mountain
is in fine - It was cold morning & evening, & one had to
wrap, & I remember I should have liked to keep at a fire -
We had just a room in the upper story, the S. W.
corner, & from the western window a grand view of the
Cordillera, which I watched fade away in the distance
- In a little while the great snow fields

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were so near as to be as if they were within a narrow
aid, then more it would get the chance, threading a
wide bed of gravel & rattle - was almost in a hurry &
with, mischievous & wild & in, & were the dirty
soap-buds on washing skins than anything I can think
of these streams. Some of them are narrow, thick & dirty
gray, white - Before we got to Hotel Pickles some, and while
before we appear up the valley, & the laughing white
of perpetual snow - I was glad to get at my customary heat
& stumble in to the nice hotel at P.O. Lock, & a wonderful
hotel it was, when you think everything was so in mountain
in house or road such, that there is no carriage-road!
I thought a hot bath would take the stiffness & soreness out
of me, & oh, Madame! said the attentive housekeeper, &
a nice city bath! (just think of that!) appeared in my
room, & plenty of hot water - And a capital remedy I
found it - I can highly recommend Hotel Pickles, &
many places in U.S. on great frequented roads, & the
charges were very moderate - Next morning we were
to start early before it should be warm, & the ladies & he
took 2 thick, rough, narrow bagons, with one ^{each} so narrow
the 2 seats project a little over the body, & give room for three
persons & driver - The road most of the way to Jernatt is
well built, better & smoother than most of our country by-
roads, but they think only these rough, strong bagons can

in them - In some places the road is rough, for every stone
of rain may mix a flood of water, or soiling stone, or
the loose mountain side down, in which it is built -
In one place we crossed a dirty mass, snow we saw,
an avalanche some weeks ago, sometimes we went
through woods, through fields, then close between houses
& barns where one looked directly in at the open door -
Everywhere the women more than men hard at work,
hoing, reaping, mowing, making hay, herding cows, & so
very hard-worked in appearance, so dirty, & such
frightful poverty! This out door labor gives the women
fast - Beeie Eaton asked her mother when all the women
she had seen were so old? - But I thought I had never
seen the value of land before - Every where, every ^{possible} patch
so cultivated, sometimes so steep it seemed as if the crops
would be killed on the cold then! - The stream poured
in down in fine cascades, gave warning of snow & rains,
& then would come a quiet up a narrow valley against
the sun, or a purple white hanging down between Mt.
peaks on the other side - The Bridgton, few white &
heavy of paper in front of us, little Mt. Cervin showed a
black cone out of the snow, & then came a shadowy con-
peering over a brown mountain at our side, & gradually &
get suddenly too, came out the Convin's Quarterhorn,
Mt. Cervin, the most majestic & grandest thing I

ever looked upon! It came up & down idea of a
all alone, at the river! Rising one side almost
bare out of the snow - Fernall is a little village
at the top of the valley, but in the hills there at
10 1/2, on the river side - He would meet our friends,
the Church, there, but no news there - in the wild
land, & coming in the river, the River, a small
between Fernall, surrounded by glaciers, almost, &
from Fernall, by making some work, fine views
could be obtained, & Mt. Cervin was made - So we took
horses at 4, meeting, Passy Mountain & Trenton of Yale,
just descended as we started - We passed a little
hay cabin, through the valley crossed a stream & other
meadows, & came to a wood, & then began to climb,
so steep, such sharp ascents, I lost my breath, I was
well frightened too! - All along from Trip, Devinay
had filled my mind that I had got to go back again
the same way! And now I thought how crazy the
idea of my coming was! Now I covered the walkers!
Dr. Gray would call out & look over my shoulder as
a view, but I was too tired & absorbed in the present
painful ascent to care for scenery - But Beeie sang
& shouted & laughed & kicked her heels against her mule
as if it were such fun! Mrs. Eaton kindly refreshed
me with a little draught from her flask, & that helped

mass, rather than one commanding peak, & it is almost impossible to believe it higher than the Matterhorn, which has the grand advantage of being taller, steeper, sharper & whiter, some 3,000 feet clear - But Dr. Fay said at sunset the very light impression showed the differing heights, & being the former just in our eye broke our panorama, then it began again, & with some breaks, we had it nearly complete - But the high distances of snow mountains is so hard to take in! They seem so within an easy few minutes reach, all is so sharp & clear & distinct - And then it is so fascinating to sit & look at them! The girls & I passed us on our slow descent, though it was much faster than our ascent - And after resting a little, but before my knees got over shaking, the dinner-bell rang, & going into the passage we met Charles bringing Mr. & Mrs. Church to meet us! How pleasant it was to see them again! They had packed up the Mr. & Mrs. & after dining & a nice aft. walk, they strolled down again - He is taking his holiday in Switzerland, & they are making unusual passes on foot & on mules - But unfortunately, by some mistake, their baggage had been mailed; & as Mrs. C. said, she had nothing but a tooth brush & a pair of nail scissors!

